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SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

DUENNA;

OR, THE

DOUBLE ELOPEMENT,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE TWENTY-NINTH EDITION.

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M.DCC.LXXXIII.

(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)

SONGS, DUETTS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

DOUBLE VANE;

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Jerome, - - Mr. Wilson,

Don Ferdinand, - Mr. Mattocks,

Don Anthonio, - - Mr. Reinhold,

Iſaac Mendoza, - Mr. Quick,

Don Carlos, - - - Mr. Brett,

Lopez, - - - - Mr. Wewitzer,

Father Paul, - - Mr. Mahon,

Lay-Brother, - - Mr. Besford,

Louiſa, - - - - Mrs. Martyr,

Duenna, - - - Mrs. Webb,

Clara, - - - - Mrs. Bannister.

Friars, Servants, Maſques, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACT I.

SERENADE. ANTHONIO.

TELL me, my lute, can thy fond ſtrain
So gently ſpeak thy maſter's pain,
So ſoftly ſing, ſo humbly ſigh,
That — though my ſleeping love ſhall know
Who ſings —— Who ſighs below,
Her roſy ſlumbers ſhall not fly?

Thus may ſome viſion whiſper more
Than ever I dare ſpeak before!

Anth. The breath of morn bids hence the night:
Unveil thoſe beauteous eyes, my fair:
For till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day — I own no light!

Louiſa. Waking, I heard thy numbers chide;
Waking — the dawn did bleſs my ſight:
'— 'Tis Phœbus, ſure, that woos,' I cried,
Who ſpeaks in ſong, who moves in light!

TRIO.

TRIO.

Don *Jer.* What vagabonds are theſe I hear
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, ſcraping, whining, canting?
Fly, ſcurvy minſtrels, fly!

Louiſa. Nay, pr'ythee, father, why ſo rough!

Anth. An humble lover I!

Don *Jer.* How durſt you, daughter, lend an ear
To ſuch deceitful ſtuff?
Quick from the window fly.

Louiſa. Adieu, Anthonio? *Anth.* Muſt you go?

A. and *L.* We ſoon, perhaps, may meet again;
For though hard fortune is our foe,
The god of love will fight for us—

Don *Jer.* Reach me the blunderbuſs!

A. and *L.* The god of love, who knows our pain!

Don *Jer.* Hence, or theſe ſlugs are thro' your brain!

SONG. FERDINAND.

Could I her faults remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm;
Soon would impartial Reaſon
The tyrant Love diſarm:
But when enrag'd I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love ſtill ſuggeſts her beauty,
And ſees, — while Reaſon's blind.

SONG. ANTHONIO.

I ne'er could any luſtre ſee
In eyes that would not look on me:
I ne'er ſaw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to ſip.
Has the maid who ſeeks my heart
Cheeks of roſe untouch'd by art?
I will own their colour true,
When yielding bluſhes aid their hue.

Is her hand ſo ſoft and pure?
I muſt preſs it, to be ſure;
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
'Till it grateful preſs again.
Muſt I with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving boſom ſigh?
I will do ſo — when I ſee
That heaving boſom ſigh for me.

RONDEAU.

RONDEAU. ANTHONIO.

Friendſhip is the bond of reaſon ;
But, if beauty diſapprove,
Heav'n abſolves all other treaſon
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I ſwore,
As a civil oath I view ;
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I falſe muſt be,
Can I doubt which to prefer —
A breach of ſocial faith with thee,
Or ſacrilege to love and her ?

SONG. FERDINAND.

Tho' cauſe for ſuſpicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love, too, are ſtrong ;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliſs if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealouſy flow,
Ah ! none but the jealous — the jealous can know !

When bleſt with the ſmiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore :
Thoſe ſmiles let another but ſhare,
And I wonder I priz'd them no more !
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falſer ſhe ſeems, ſtill the fonder I grow !

SONG. LOUISA.

Thou canſt not boaſt of Fortune's ſtore,
My love, while me they wealthy call:
But I was glad to find the poor——
For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth ſhall own
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

But when his worth my hand ſhall gain,
No word or look of mine ſhall ſhow
That I the ſmalleſt thought retain
Of what my bounty did beſtow:
Yet ſtill his grateful heart ſhall own
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

SONG. DON JEROME.

If a daughter you have, ſhe's the plague of your life,
No peace ſhall you know—tho' you've buried your wife!
At twenty ſhe mocks at the duty you taught her—
O! *what* a plague is an obſtinate daughter!
Sighing and whining!
Dying and pining!
O! *what* a plague is an obſtinate daughter!
When ſcarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;

While each ſtill rejects the fair ſuitor yon've brought her ;
O ! *what* o plague is an obſtinate daughter !
Wrangling and jangling !
Flouting and pouting !
O ! *what* a plague is an obſtinate daughter !

SONG. CLARA.

When ſable night each drooping plant reſtoring,
Wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did cheer,
As ſome ſad widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did ſleep, whoſe weary hearts could borrow
One hour from love and care to reſt—
Lo ! as I preſs'd my couch in ſilent ſorrow,
My Lover caught me to his breaſt !

He vow'd he came to ſave me
From thoſe who would enſlave me ;
Then kneeling,
Kiſſes ſtealing,
Endleſs faith he ſwore !
But ſoon I chid him thence,
For had his fond pretence
Obtain'd one favour then---
And he had preſs'd again
——I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him more !

SONG.

SONG. CARLOS.

Had I a heart for falſehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you :
For tho' your tongue no promiſe claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit,
No ſtranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young ;

But when they learn that you have bleſt
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſion reſt,
And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to ſuffer wrong :
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

DIALOGUE.

Iſaac. My miſtreſs expects me, and I muſt go to her,
Or how can I hope for a ſmile ?
Louiſ. Soon may you return a proſperous wooer,
But think what I ſuffer the while !

Alone and away from the man whom I love,
In ſtrangers I'm forced to confide.

Iſaac. Dear lady, my friend you may truſt and he'l prove
Your ſervant, protector, and guide.

AIR. CARLOS.

Gentle maid, ah! why ſuſpect me?
Let me ſerve thee---then reject me!
Canſt thou truſt and I deceive thee?
Art thou ſad---and ſhall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, ah! why ſuſpect me?
Let me ſerve thee---then reject me.

TRIO.

Louiſ. Never may'ſt thou happy be
If in ought thou'rt falſe to me!
Don *Carl.* Never may I, &c.
Iſaac. Never may he, &c.

ACT II.

SONG. ISAAC.

GIVE Iſaac the nymph who no beauty can boaſt,
But health and good-humour to make her his toaſt;
If ſtraight, I don't mind whether ſlender or fat,
And ſix feet or four---We'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complection---I vow I don't care;
If brown---it is laſting---more pleaſing if fair:
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples ſhould ſee,
Let her ſmile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddeſt that ever were ſeen,
And her eyes—may be e'en any colour---but green;
For in eyes, tho' ſo various the luſtre and hue,
I ſwear I've no choice---only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd diſpenſe with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own---are genteeler than black:
A little round chin too's a beauty I have heard,
But I only deſire---ſhe mayn't have a beard.

SONG. DON JEROME.

When the maid whom we love
No entreaties can move,
Who'd lead a life of pining!
If her charms will excuſe
The fond raſhneſs *you* uſe,
---Away with idle whining!

Ne'er

Never ſtand like a fool,
With looks ſheepiſh and cool;
——Such baſhful love is teizing:
But with ſpirit addreſs,
And you're ſure of ſucceſs,
For honeſt warmth is pleaſing.

Nay, tho' wedlock's your view,
Like a rake if you'll woo,
Girls ſooner quit their coldneſs:
They know beauty inſpires
Leſs reſpect than deſires,——
Hence love is prov'd by boldneſs.——

So ne'er ſtand like a fool, &c.

SONG. DUENNA.

When a tender maid
Is firſt eſſay'd
By ſome admiring ſwain,
How her bluſhes riſe
If ſhe meet his eyes
While he unfolds his pain!
If he takes her hand---ſhe trembles quite!
Touch her lips———and ſhe ſwoons outright!
While a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her fright;

But in time appear
Fewer ſigns of fear;
The youth ſhe boldly views:

If her hand he graſp,
Or her boſom claſp,
No mantling bluſh enſues !
Then to church well pleas'd the lovers move,
While her ſmiles her contentment prove ;
And a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love !

SONG. CARLOS.

Ah ! ſure a pair was neveer ſeen
So juſtly form'd to meet by nature !
The youth excelling ſo in mien,
The maid in every grace of feature.
O how happy are ſuch lovers,
When kindred beauties each diſcovers !
For ſurely ſhe
Was made for thee,
And thou to bleſs this lovely creature !

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the taſk of duty———
The boys with all their father's ſenſe,
The girls with all their mother's beauty !
O how happy to inherit
At once ſuch graces and ſuch ſpirit :
Thus while you live
May Fortune give——
Each bleſſing equal to your merit !

DUET.

DUET.

Iſaac. Believe me, good ſir, I ne'er meant to offend,
My Miſtreſs I love, and I value my friend;
To win her and wed her is ſtill my requeſt---
For better, for worſe——and I ſwear I don't jeſt!
Don *Jer.* Zounds! you'd beſt not provoke me, my rage is ſo high.
Iſaac. Hold him faſt, I beſeech you, his rage is ſo high!
Good ſir, you're too hot, and this place I muſt fly.
Don *Jer.* You're a knave and a ſot, and this place had beſt fly.

TRIO. DON JEROME, FERDINAND, ISAAC.

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a conteſt quicker
Than juſtice, judge, or vicar:
So fill a cheerful glaſs,
And let good humour paſs.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why ſooner drain the barrel
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

A bumper, &c.

SONG.

SONG. LOUISA.

What bard, O, Time, diſcover,
With wings firſt made thee move?
Ah! ſure it was ſome lover
Who ne'er had left his love!

For who that once did prove
The pangs which abſence brings,
Though but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?

What bard, &c.

SONG. CARLOS.

O had my love ne'er ſmil'd on me,
I ne'er had known my anguiſh;
But think how falſe, how cruel ſhe,
To bid me ceaſe to languiſh;
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half periſh'd:
And then with cold and fix'd diſdain
To kill the hope ſhe cheriſh'd.

Not worſe his fate who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it,
Silent had left the ſhatter'd deck,
To find a grave below it:
Then land was cried —— no more reſign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it;
Not worſe his fate, his woe, to find
The wreck muſt ſink e'er near it!

TRIO.

ANTHONIO, CARLOS, LOUISA.

Soft Pity never leaves the gentle breaſt
Where Love has been receiv'd a welcome gueſt:
As wand'ring ſaints poor huts have ſacred made,
He hallows every heart he once has ſway'd;
And (when his preſence we longer ſhare)
Still leaves compaſſion as a relic there.

ACT III.

SONG. DON JEROME.

O The days when I was young,
When I laugh'd in Fortune's ſpight;
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the reſt a bumper drown.
O the days, &c.

Truth, they ſyy, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could ſee;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me;

For when ſparkling wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſehood's maſk ;
But ſtill honeſt truth I found
At the bottom of each flaſk !
O the days, &c.

True at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay ;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey !

Yet old Jerome, thou may'ſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire ;
Still beneath thy age's froſt,
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.
O the days, &c.

SONG. FERDINAD.

Ah ! cruel maid, how haſt thou chang'd
The temper of thy mind !
My heart by thee from mirth eſtrang'd,
Becomes, like thee, unkind !

By Fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was ;
And friends I had that fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applauſe.

But now my weakneſs all abuſe,
Yet vain their taunts on me ;
Friends, fortune, fame itſelf I'd loſe
To gain one ſmile from thee !

Yet only thou ſhouldſt not deſpiſe
My folly or my woe ;
If I am mad in others eyes,
'Tis thou haſt made me ſo !

But days like theſe, with doubting curſt,
I will not long endure ;
Am I deſpiſed ?—I know the worſt,
And alſo know my cure.

If falſe her vows, ſhe dare renounce—
She inſtant ends my pain :
For, oh ! that heart muſt break at once,
Which cannot hate again !

SONG. FERDINAND.

Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind,
When treach'ry two fond hearts would rend !
But Oh ! how keener far the pang, to find
That traitor in our boſom friend !

SONG. CLARA.

By him we love offended,
How ſoon our anger flies !
One day apart, 'tis ended,
Behold him, and it dies !

Laſt

Laſt night your roving brother,
Enrag'd I bade depart;
And ſure his rude preſumption
Deſerv'd to loſe my heart:
Yet, were he now before me,
In ſpite of injur'd pride;
I fear my eyes would pardon
Before my tongue could chide.
By him we love, &c.

With truth the bold deceiver,
To me thus oft has ſaid;
'In vain would Clara ſlight me,
'In vain would ſhe upbraid!
'No ſcorn thoſe lips diſcover,
'Where dimples laugh the while:
'No frowns appear reſentful,
'where heav'n has ſtamp'd a ſmile!
By him we love, &c.

SONG. ANTONIO.

How oft Louiſa, haſt thou ſaid
(Nor wilt thou the fond boaſt diſown)
Thou wouldſt not loſe Anthonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne!

And by thoſe lips that ſpoke ſo kind!
And by this hand I preſs'd to mine!
To gain a fudject nation's love,
I ſwear I would not part with thine.

Then

Then how, my ſoul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not bny!
Of this true heart thou ſhalt be queen,
And, ſerving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliſs,
And rich in love's exhauſtleſs mine;
Do thou ſnatch treaſures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

SONG. CLARA.

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The ſullen echo of repentant ſighs!
Ye ſiſter mourners of each lonely cell,
Inur'd to hymns and ſorrow, fare ye well!
For happier ſcenes I fly this darkſome grove,
To ſaints a priſon, but a tomb to love!

GLEE AND CHORUS.

This bottle's the ſun of our table,
His beams are roſy wine;
We, planets that are not able
Without his help to ſhine.

Let mirth and glee abound!
You'll ſoon grow bright
With borrow'd light,
And ſhine as he goes round!

DUET.

DUET.

Louiſa. Turn thee round, I pray thee,
Calm awhile thy rage;
Clara. I muſt help to ſtay thee,
And thy wrath aſſuage.
Louiſa. Couldſt thou not diſcover
One ſo near to thee?
Clara. Canſt thou be a lover,
And thus fly from me?

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Oft does Hymen ſmile to hear
Wordy vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're ſincere,
Never ſlow to give reward:
For his glory is to prove
Kind to thoſe who wed for love.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Come now for jeſt and ſmiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, ſo blythe and gay,
'Till we baniſh care away;
Thus crown'd with dance and ſong,
The hours ſhall glide along,
With a heart at eaſe—merry, merry glees
Can never fail to pleaſe.

Each

Each bride with bluſhes glowing,
Our wine as roſy flowing;
Let us laugh and play, &c.
Then healths to ev'ry friend,
The nights repaſt ſhall end,
With a hearth at eaſe, &c.

Nor while you are ſo joyous,
Shall anxious fear annoy us;
Let us laugh and play, &c.
For gen'rous gueſts like theſe
Accept the wiſh to pleaſe;
So we'll laugh and play, all blythe and gay,
Your ſmiles drive care away.

THE END.